VILLA OF THE MYSTERIES

BY MACK WHITE

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

VILLA OF THE MYSTERIES

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Saturday Morning Nuclear Test Pattern
Epiphany

In the grey cathode dawn of the New Frontier we woke to the Hum, and, gazing upon the Big Chief Mandala, waited for the gods of Saturday morning. "Howdy, Deity!" our voices rang out, and there he was, little boots dancing lightly on puppetland grass, almost levitating at the puppeteer's command–Hindoo Doody, the wooden boy, freckles and nimbus aglow. And the clown on calliope called us to Communion. "Take, drink–this is my blood" (seltzer squirted from the flower). "Take, eat–this is my body" (a big cream pie delivered by Reverend Sales). Thus we bought the Twinkie Promise and our woodpecker laughter filled the skies. For we were the Kings of this New Frontier and we had been blessed by the puppeteers . . . Once I went to the Cartoon Temple where Icky Twerp and his evil twin Gorgon lived, and there I saw it all, not in black-and-white, but Living Color–saw the Loony Toon icons on the walls, saw Cap'n Swabee's wheel in the prop room, saw the cardboard treehouse door swing open on a string, and saw the local lunchtime gods, Mickey and Amanda. And they walked among us, the puppeteers cradling in their arms our friends, the mudturtle and the possum–Mickey bit the boys' noses, Amanda kissed the girls–such a solemn ceremony, so soft the sacred sock-fingered touch, and so lucky were we to be so near, to be blessed in person by the puppeteers . . . And, later, in the country, from my window I could see the towers of Cedar Hill, red lights blinking in the Texas night, and this I knew–this was the Hub, not Dallas. For it was from there first resounded the word, straight from the lips of Mr. Peppermint, and outward concentrically it spread, that the National Dad was dead. Then, two days later, the ruby gun's report–and Oswald the Rabbit was dead too. No more would we see this cartoon friend, guilty by association. They would take his adventures out of circulation, and there on the shelf this Fellow Traveller would molder, as cold and still as the patsy on Rose Hill. Nor was there any reason to doubt the blood red stain of his name. For Uncle Walter had told us it was so, and wasn't he the Wise Old Owl, and weren't his words like carrots from the kangaroo pockets of his brother, the kindly Captain? Poison us with lies? Not he! So we dried our tears. The Wheels of Justice Warren were grinding, and we had been blessed, so kindly blessed–yes, blessed by the Puppeteers . . . And not long after, on a wintry Sullivan's Eve, the Moe Haircuts came to town and frightened all the Meanies away. "These are the greatest cartoon heroes of them all!" we exclaimed, and we climbed aboard their submarine and sailed the surreal seas. Here at last was our frontier–the one we thought we had lost. The Twinkie Promise had finally paid off. How glorious was that feeling! We can end wars, we thought. We can bring down kings, entire governments. The possibilities were limitless–and yet, so wrapped up were we in these fantasies we failed to notice the clown on calliope had begun to play a dirge, and grey cathode dusk had fallen on the land. Then, outward from the towers it spread, the dreadful news that the leader of the Moe Haircuts was dead, shot by a raygun in New York. How black was that December, how bleak the decade's start–how gruesome were the tabloid colors of the death mask mocking from the supermarket pike–the shame, the horror. Yes, it was a fearful time–the Religious Reich on the march, the Czar of Crack back from Paris, eight years of G.E. Theatre ahead–evil in the air, the smell of tainted blood and smoke from distant fires. Yet we swallowed our fear that black December and reminded ourselves that, even though there had never really been a frontier, at least we had been blessed by the Puppeteers . . .

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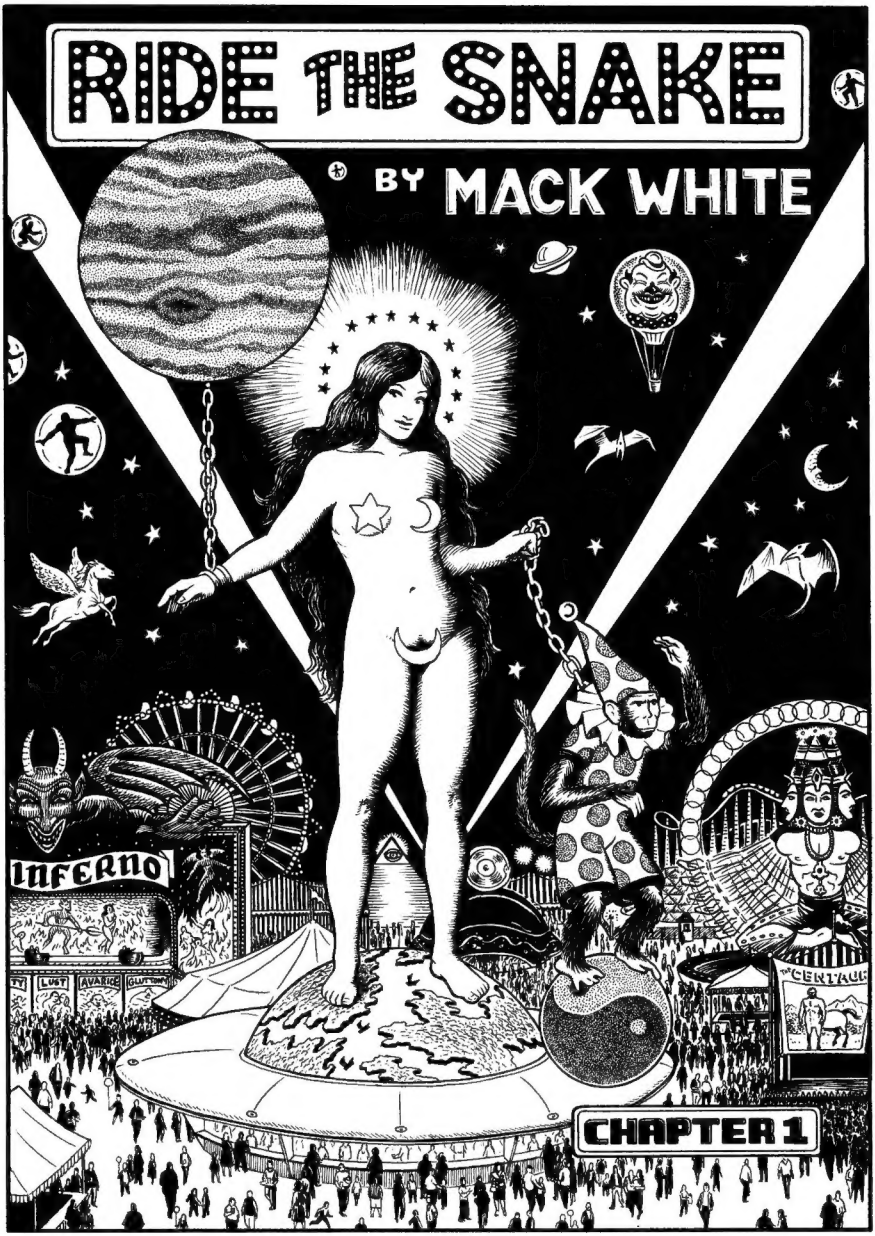
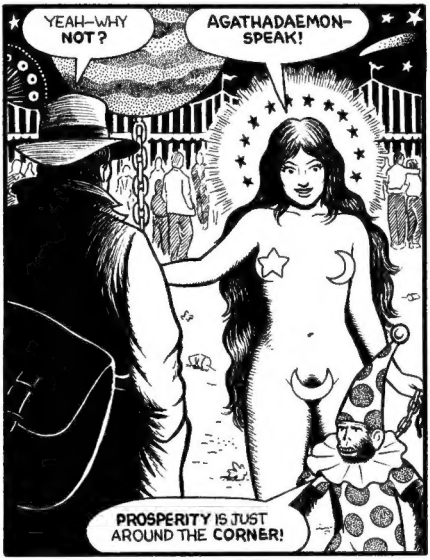
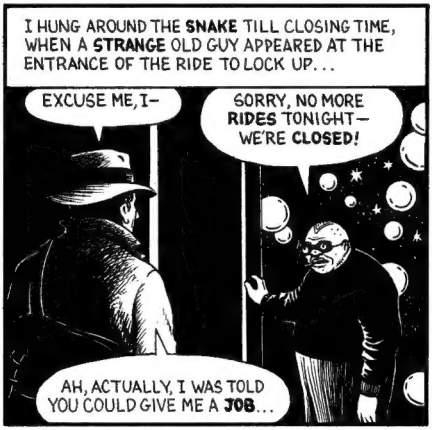

RIDE THE SNAKE
BY MACK WHITE
INFERNO
LUST
AVARICE
CHAPTER 1

I WAS TRAVELING THROUGH THE GREENBELT SOUTH OF **TEXOP** WHEN I CAME ACROSS THE ROADSIDE ATTRACTION, A SMALL AMUSEMENT PARK CALLED **VELO CITY**. I DECIDED TO BLOW A FEW BUCKS AND WENT INSIDE...

IT WAS THERE THAT I FIRST MET **HELEN**. SHE CAME UP TO ME ON THE **MIDWAY** AND SAID...



IT WAS TRUE–I NEEDED A JOB. SO I DID AS SHE SAID, AND FOUND THE **SNAKE** . . .

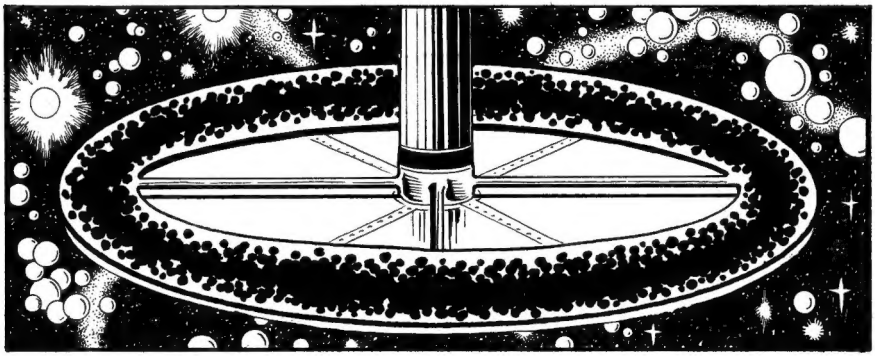


...WELL, HERE IT IS! COULDN'T BE **EASIER** TO OPERATE!...

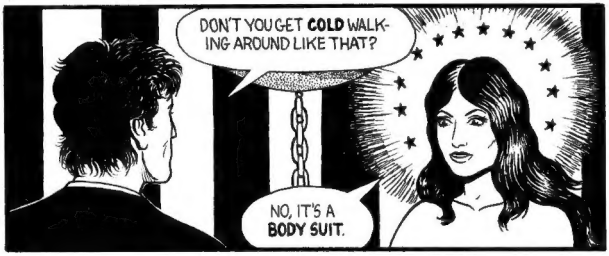
...MAIN THING YOU GOTTA' REMEMBER IS, DON'T **EVER** LET MORE'N **ONE** PERSON ON THIS RIDE AT A TIME...

...CUZ IF YOU DO, YOU'LL HAVE ONE **HELL** OF A MESS TO **CLEAN UP!**...

BASICALLY, THE **SNAKE** WAS A MODIFIED **TELEPORTER**. IT BROKE DOWN THE RIDER'S MOLECULAR STRUCTURE, BUT INSTEAD OF IMMEDIATELY REASSEMBLING THE MOLECULES BACK INTO HUMAN FORM, IT SENT THEM INTO A **TUBE**, WHERE IT KEPT THEM RACING IN A **CIRCULAR** PATTERN FOR A FULL MINUTE. THIS PATTERN SUGGESTED A **SNAKE** EATING ITSELF—HENCE THE NAME OF THE RIDE...



AND EVERY NIGHT THE **REAL** HELEN WOULD WALK THE MIDWAY WITH HER FORTUNE-TELLING MONKEY. SOMETIMES, AFTER **SHUTDOWN**, I WOULD MEET HER AS SHE HEADED BACK TO HER TRAILER. WE WOULD TALK—SMALL TALK MOSTLY. BUT I WANTED **MORE**. SO DID SHE, I THOUGHT. THEN, ONE EVENING...



AT THE APPOINTED HOUR I MADE MY WAY DOWN THE DESERTED MIDWAY TO THE **SNAKE**. I LET MYSELF IN THE BACK...
IMMEDIATELY ON ENTERING THE WORK ROOM, I SAW THAT **HELEN** HAD GOTTEN THERE BEFORE ME...
WELL, I'LL BE **DAMNED**. IT **IS** A BODY SUIT...
THE ROYAL HERMAPHRODITE
SOL
LUNA
ALIVE
PRIAPUS
"ROMAN GOD OF LUST AND FERTILITY"
10 FT LONG
DEMIGODS
ALIVE

I TURNED AROUND AND THERE SHE WAS, SANS **BODY SUIT** AND SANS **HOLOGRAM NIMBUS** . . .
TOLD YOU IT WAS A **BODY SUIT**!...
I FOLLOWED HER . . .
WE CAME TO A BACK ROOM I HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE. INSIDE WAS A **BED**. WE MADE LOVE . SUDDENLY. . .
SLAM!

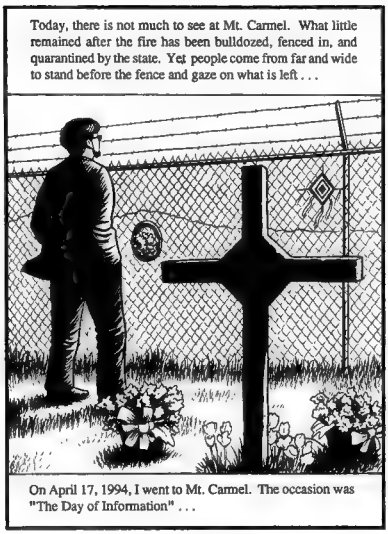
AT THE SOUND OF THE DOOR SLAMMING SOMEWHERE DOWN THE HALL, **HELEN** LOOKED UP AND SAID...
OH MY GOD! IT'S MY HUSBAND! HE'LL **KILL** US!
SHE JUMPED OUT OF BED AND **RAN** OUT THE OTHER DOOR. I FOLLOWED, AND SOON FOUND MYSELF IN THE MAIN CORRIDOR...
QUICK- IN HERE!
WE CROWDED INTO THE **CYLINDER** AND SHUT THE DOOR. THEN...
THAT **HUM!** SOMEONE'S **TURNED ON THE—**
MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE . . .

WACO, ONE YEAR LATER

BY MACK WHITE

On April 19, 1993, a 51-day siege by the federal government came to an end when tanks began tearing apart Mt. Carmel Center, the church and home of the Branch Davidians near Waco, Texas. CS gas–which is banned in war–was sprayed inside the complex for several hours. Then, shortly after noon, a fire began. No fire trucks were called, and the structure was allowed to burn entirely to the ground. When it was over, nearly a hundred men, women, and children lay dead, most burned to death, others shot through the heads. Neither the fire nor the gunshot wounds–nor, for that matter, the circumstances of the BATF raid which began the affair–have ever been adequately explained . . .



Filmmaker Richard Mosley was there to publicize his documentary, *Day 51: The True Story of Waco*. On display in his booth was a scale model of Mt. Carmel. It attracted a lot of attention, especially from children . . .

. . . such as this boy who lost his father and four siblings in the fire . . .

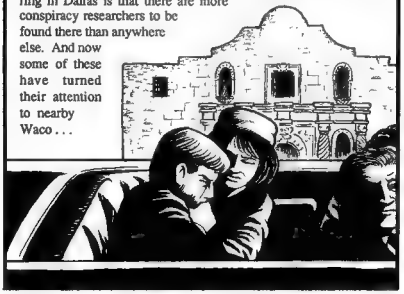
Day 51 is the first documentary about Waco to receive the full endorsement of the Branch Davidians, since it is the first to allow them to speak for themselves. Another documentary–Linda Thompson's *Waco: The Big Lie*–is regarded with less enthusiasm by the Davidians. Thompson, it seems, has accused so many people–even bereaved Davidian survivors–of being government agents that now people have begun to wonder about *her*. Paranoia is all-pervasive one year after the fire . . .

Most of the people in attendance that day were self-described "patriots." These people, many of whom were radicalized by Waco, believe that America is becoming a police state . . .

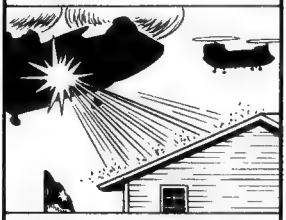
One year after the fire, David Koresh has become a folk hero. The religiously minded point to the parallels between his life and Jesus'–both were sons of carpenters, both died at age 33, etc.–while others point to the parallels with another local hero named David who died under similar circumstances . . .

In myth, then, Koresh has become a combination Jesus Christ and Davy Crockett–in which case Waco might be termed the *Alamo-pocalypse* . . .

Waco could also be described as the Alamo with a conspiracy theory. For there was another famous Texas event evoked by Waco. The allegations of conspiracy and coverup, the sense that Waco signaled some larger, sinister change in America–all this reminds many of the Kennedy assassination. A consequence of the assassination occurring in Dallas is that there are more conspiracy researchers to be found there than anywhere else. And now some of these have turned their attention to nearby Waco . . .

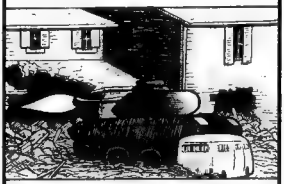


The Waco conspiracy theory begins with the BATF raid on Mt. Carmel in which four agents and six Davidians were killed. Even the local sheriff said this raid was unnecessary, since Koresh could have been arrested anytime outside Mt. Carmel . . .



Furthermore, all the evidence suggests that this raid was in reality a military-style attack. Not only did the BATF, by its own admission, fire first, but in *Day 51* surviving Davidians allege that the raid also began with machine gun fire from helicopters . . .

As for the fire which ended the siege, most researchers, such as Ron Cole in his book *Sinister Twilight*, believe that it was set not by "cultists" bent on mass suicide, but by flame-throwing tanks . . .



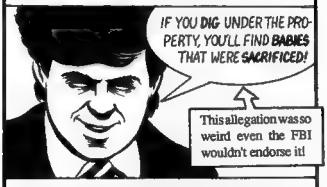
Video footage (seen in *Waco: The Big Lie*) seems to support this allegation, although this video has been disputed by some researchers. What cannot be disputed, however, is the fact that the FBI, contrary to its claim that it did not expect the fire, alerted the Burns Unit at Parkland Hospital in Dallas to be on standby for casualties *several hours before the fire* . . .

Also, numerous sources have alleged that the FBI took steps to minimize the number of fire survivors by shooting 22 persons as they exited the back of the building–the side *not* covered by TV cameras . . .

But why? Why were David Koresh and the Branch Davidians targeted in the first place?

The reason given by the BATF was that the Davidians had an illegal arsenal. Yet this "illegal" arsenal, it turns out, was a *legally licensed gun shop* . . .

As for the allegations of child abuse, the entire basis for these allegations was the *eyewitness* testimony of a *blind* man–Marc Breault, who had earlier been expelled from the church for "improper behavior" . . .



In any case, the *proper* authorities had already concluded, long before the BATF arrived on the scene, that the child abuse allegations were false . . .

So, why? Many believe that Waco was part of a secret plan to establish a one-world government, a.k.a. the New World Order. According to this theory, Waco was staged to demonstrate the "need" for gun control and to establish a precedent for more police actions of this kind. Eventually the American people would be disarmed, martial law would be established, and the United States would become an asset of the U.N. If this sounds crazy, consider that it once sounded crazy to suggest that the Kennedy assassination was a *coup d'etat* . . .

But still the question remains, why the Branch Davidians? Church member Wally Kennet has stated that prior to the BATF raid, two other church members–Wayne Martin and Jeff Little–had been conducting their own investigation of the BATF. The information they had gathered was kept in an upstairs room of the complex–the very room the BATF seemed so anxious to enter during the raid . . .

And what was this information? Allegedly, it would have linked the BATF to various illegal activities relating to the New World Order . . .

On April 19–the first anniversary of the fire–I returned to Mt. Carmel for a memorial service. There were no government officials present at this service, as there had been a year earlier at the numerous memorials for the BATF agents. The government, however, did send a low-flying surveillance plane to buzz the grounds . . .

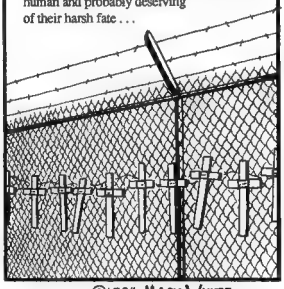
It is not the same as sending flowers, of course–but I suppose it is the thought that counts . . .

As the name of each person killed at Mt. Carmel was read, a bell was tolled. Then surviving family members were given white crosses bearing the names of the deceased. The Martin family was given five crosses . . .

Experience has taught us that the official versions of things are usually flawed. Waco is no exception. The best explanation of what happened is that the federal government–for whatever murky intelligence reason–massacred the Branch Davidians . . .

Such operations must, of course, be made palatable for the public. This is done by employing the same propaganda techniques used to demonize the enemy in wartime. Accusations of bizarre sexual practices are especially effective against "cults." Thus, the early Christians were accused of incest, and the Davidians of child molestation . . .

What happened in Waco, then, was a modern day burning-at-the-stake, the only modern innovation being that it was telecast live to a worldwide audience. Yet, so well stage-managed was this operation that few who saw it understood what they were seeing. And so effective was the 51-day propaganda campaign that any who suspected the truth could quite easily settle their minds by remembering that these were only "cultists"–therefore not human and probably deserving of their harsh fate . . .



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POSTSCRIPT

In the two years since the preceding was written, a few more pieces of the Waco jigsaw have fallen into place. Certain facts which, isolated by themselves, made no sense at the time are now seen to be part of a larger, coherent picture.

First, in the documentary *Waco: The Big Lie*, video footage may be seen which appears to show three ATF agents being killed by "friendly" fire during the February 28 raid. We see the agents enter the window, leaving a fourth agent on the roof. He then sprays the wall with machine gun fire, apparently killing the three inside. Many think this was deliberate.

If so, what makes it all the more perplexing is that these three dead agents had all been personal bodyguards of President Bill Clinton's. Furthermore, shortly after the fire, a story circulated in Waco that, during a campaign stop there the summer before, these three had accompanied Clinton to a barber shop where he received a haircut from a barber who was a Branch Davidian. The five are said to have had a long, private conversation.

If this story is true–and if it is also true, as surviving Davidian Wally Kennett claims in the documentary *Day 51*, that the ATF was not looking for an illegal arsenal, but rather for information stored on computer by Jeff Little and Wayne Martin, then perhaps this information was the subject of that reputed conversation.

A few months after the deadly finale at Waco, White House Special Counsel Vince Foster died of an apparent suicide. In an Associated Press story, Foster's widow stated mysteriously that his death was related to Waco.

Many have said that Foster, a law partner of Hillary Clinton's, was secretly an operative of the National Security Agency who had been involved in the Reagan Justice Department's alleged theft of the PROMIS software from the firm INSLAW. PROMIS, created for use by law enforcement agencies, had supposedly been modified to contain a "trap door" which would allow the NSA to monitor the computer activities of any agency that used it. It could also be used to spy on offshore bank accounts, and even to empty those accounts.

It is also alleged that Foster was involved in a scheme to pass nuclear launch codes to Israel as payback for Israel's role in the affair known as the October Surprise, whereby the release of the hostages in Iran was delayed to cost Jimmy Carter's re-election. Foster, the story goes, was well paid for his middle-man role, and the money was deposited in a Swiss bank account. There it remained until one day, shortly after Clinton's inauguration, when Foster checked the account and found it empty. Supposedly, a group of former CIA hackers known as the Fifth Column had emptied his account, using the very software that had previously been modified under his direction. Foster next learned that he was about to be charged with treason. Had that happened, of course, the scandal would have had serious consequences for the new administration. But it did not happen. Foster was found shot to death in a Washington, DC area park.

The Wall Street Journal, *London Daily Telegraph*, and other publications have reported that, during Clinton's governorship of Arkansas, cocaine was smuggled by the CIA into the Mena airport. Clinton is alleged to have received a hefty amount of cash for looking the other way. According to Chicago journalist Sherman Skolnick, this cash was tracked by Foster to an offshore account.

If Foster, in an effort to blackmail his way out of his predicament, was gathering such deadly evidence, then it would have been done by computer and the actual hacking would have been done by a low-level operative. Jeff Little was known by some Davidians to have been a "computer expert" who, prior to his arrival in Waco, had been involved in a shadowy project to modify a law enforcement software to contain a "trap door." This, of course, sounds like PROMIS.

Many have alleged that Mt. Carmel Center was an intelligence front of some kind. For instance, the minister of a rival Davidian church in Waco told me that, under Koresh, it had been a biowarfare factory. This view is shared by lawyer and "Patriot" Linda Thompson, who in her *Penthouse* interview, said it was a CIA facility, and that the ATF raid had been orchestrated by the FBI, acting in alliance with Israel's Mossad. However, it is possible that the reverse of what she says is true. For instance, George Roden, the Davidian leader who was displaced by Koresh, to this day claims a connection with Israel, and Koresh, whose real name was Vernon Howell, only became David Koresh after a mysterious visit to Israel in the 1980s.

Vince Foster supposedly had a great deal to do with the Mossad in his career, so perhaps Mt. Carmel was a Mossad front. If so, then the Star of David on the Davidian flag takes on a special significance. One also has to wonder what propaganda purpose might have been served by the apocalyptic theology of the church.

But, in the world of intelligence, surface appearances are often by their very nature deceptive. We cannot, at this date, be certain which agency was using Mt. Carmel, only that covert activity was going on there which may relate to a war between two factions of the secret government. Mysteries yet remain-and mysteries within mysteries.

Stigmata Sunrise

BY

MACK WHITE

ARE YOU READY?
The END TIMES WAX MUSEUM
SEE: ARMAGEDDON!!!
TURN RIGHT 1 MI. DAMASCUS RD.

IT WAS AN UNUSUAL ASSIGNMENT FOR AN **OBSCURE** MAGAZINE. BUT THE **MONEY** WAS GOOD, SO I TOOK IT. I WAS TO PHOTOGRAPH **WEIRD** ROADSIDE ATTRACTIONS IN THE **SOUTHWEST**. THEY GAVE ME A LIST, MY FIRST STOP BEING THE **END TIMES WAX MUSEUM**...

KING OF KINGS

END TIMES WAX MUSEUM

"Babylon is fallen, is fallen, that great city, because she has made all nations drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornication..."
REVELATION 14:8

IT'S JUST DOWN THE ROAD! ROUTE 666

GIFT SHOPPE
+ CANDLES & WAXWORKS
+ CHRISTIAN NOVELTIES
+ HOMEMADE CANDIES

Visit our... Prayer Chapel

BRO. SHONDOO SOLOBOD WELCOMES YOU PEOPLE OF ALL FAITHS

Now a great sign appeared in Heaven: a woman clothed with the sun...

HI, PAULINE! I'M GUZY!

ER, HI—HOW DID YOU KNOW MY **NAME?**

OH, I KNOW **LOTS** OF THINGS— I'M **PSYCHIC**...

...LIKE, I KNOW THAT ON THE WAY HERE YOU GOT BEHIND A **SLOW TRUCK** AND YOU SAID A **BAD WORD!** THEN YOU DROVE THROUGH A **MCDONALD'S** FOR LUNCH...

...AND THEY **FORGOT** YOUR **FRIES**, SO YOU SAID ANOTHER **BAD WORD**. THEN—

THAT'S **AMAZING**—

DO YOU WANT TO SEE THE **MUSEUM** NOW? IT'S **FREE!**

TO BE CONTINUED...

Stigmata Sunrise

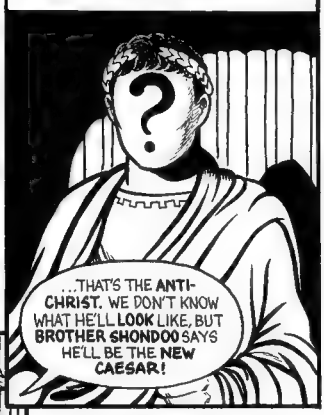
BY

MACK WHITE

WE ENTERED THE **END TIMES WAX MUSEUM**, AND **SUZY**, THE **PSYCHIC** GIRL, BEGAN GIVING ME A GUIDED TOUR. THE MUSEUM WAS PERFECT—JUST THE KIND OF **KITSCHY, HIGH WEIRDNESS** THE MAGAZINE WANTED FOR ITS SPREAD ON ROADSIDE ATTRACTIONS OF THE **SOUTHWEST**. I TOOK LOTS OF GREAT PHOTOS OF THE **STRANGE** WAX DISPLAYS...

ROUTE 666

SUZY MENTIONED **BROTHER SHONDOO** SEVERAL MORE TIMES. FINALLY...



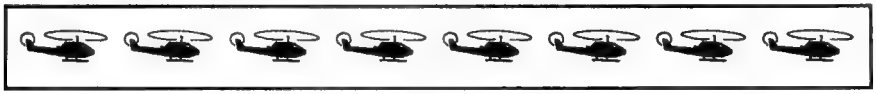
SO IT WAS A **COMMUNE** OF SOME KIND. I DECIDED TO LEAVE. THE PLACE WAS BEGINNING TO **OPPRESS** ME, AND THE **PSYCHIC GIRL** GAVE ME THE **CREEPS**. I SAID GOODBYE, GOT IN MY CAR, TURNED THE KEY—AND IT **WOULDN'T START**...

Stigmata Sunrise

BY

MACK WHITE

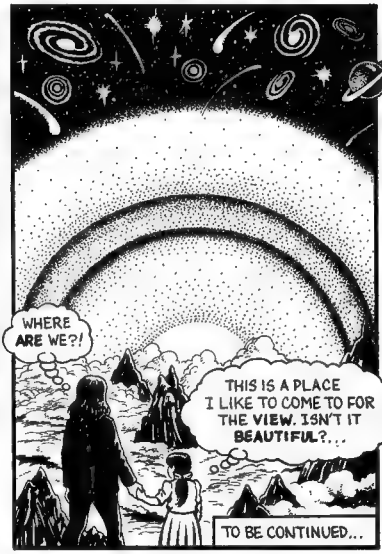
SUZY WENT TO FIND SOMEONE TO HELP ME START MY **CAR**. SHE CAME BACK WITH A FEW MEMBERS OF THE **COMMUNE**. WE TRIED **JUMPSTARTING**, AMONG OTHER THINGS – BUT IT WAS NO USE. THE PROBLEM WAS EVIDENTLY **SERIOUS**. SO I BEGAN CALLING MECHANICS IN THE NEAREST TOWN – **30 MILES** AWAY – BUT IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON AND NO ONE COULD EVEN LOOK AT THE CAR TILL THE NEXT DAY. I WAS **STUCK**...



Stigmata Sunrise

BY MACK WHITE

SUZY'S **EYES** KEPT GROWING, TILL SHE LOOKED LIKE ONE OF THOSE **KEANE** PAINTINGS OF **BIG-EYED ORPHANS**. BUT IT WAS A PAINTING IN WHICH THE COLORS WERE **RUNNING TO-GETHER**. IT WASN'T JUST **SUZY**, BUT THE ENTIRE **WORLD** THAT WAS LOSING ITS SHAPE-INCLUDING **ME**. THE BOUNDARIES BETWEEN THINGS WERE BENDING, **DISSOLVING**, AND I WAS BECOMING **LOST** IN THE **OCEANIC SWIRL**...



Stigmata Sunrise

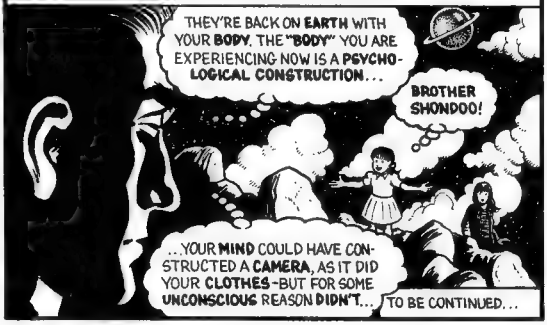
BY MACK WHITE

SOMEHOW **SUZY** HAD TRANSPORTED US TO **ANOTHER WORLD**. IT WAS A WORLD THAT **SPUN RAPIDLY**. I WATCHED A **SUN** RISE IN THE SKY, THEN SET—ALL IN A MATTER OF **MINUTES**. THEN SOMETHING APPEARED ON THE HORIZON, THE LIKES OF WHICH I HAD NEVER SEEN. ***WHAT IS IT?*** I THOUGHT. AND **SUZY** ANSWERED...

IT'S OUR **UNIVERSE**, SEEN FROM **FAR AWAY!** IF WE GOT ANY **CLOSER**, IT WOULD HURT OUR **EYES** TO LOOK AT IT!

INDEED, IT DID **NOT** HURT AT ALL, BUT WAS AN **ECSTASY** TO LOOK AT. I STARED DIRECTLY INTO THE BURNING WHITE **CORE**, AND FELT IT **THRILL** EVERY CORNER OF MY **BEING** WITH A **MILLION** NAMELESS **DELIGHTS**...

IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT I SHOULD TAKE SOME **PICTURES**—BUT I DISCOVERED THAT MY **CAMERA** AND **FILM BAG** HAD **DISAPPEARED**...



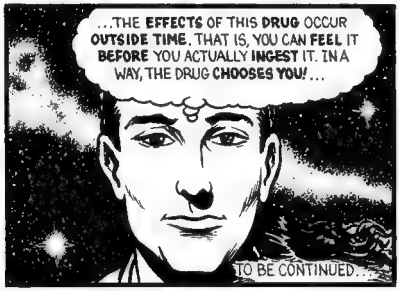
TO BE CONTINUED...

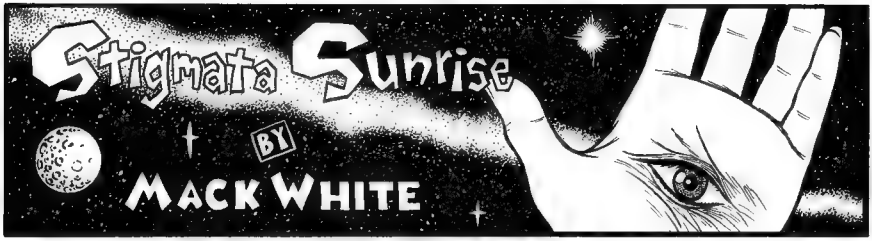
Stigmata Sunrise

BY

MACK WHITE

AT LAST I HAD MET **SHONDOO GOLOBOD**— OR **BROTHER SHONDOO**, AS **SUZY** CALLED HIM— AND THE CIRCUMSTANCES COULD NOT HAVE BEEN **STRANGER**. HE WAS EXPLAINING TO ME THAT WE HAD **LEFT OUR BODIES**, AND THAT OUR PRESENT FORMS, INCLUDING OUR **CLOTHES**, WERE JUST **PSYCHOLOGICAL CONSTRUCTIONS**, BOTH **HALLUCINATION** AND **REAL**...





BROTHER SHONDOO'S THOUGHTS CONTINUED TO PULSE INTO MY **MIND**, AS HE EXPLAINED MORE ABOUT THE STRANGE **DRUG** THAT HAD TAKEN ME **OUT OF MY BODY** TO THIS **ALIEN** WORLD. STRANGER STILL, IT WAS A DRUG THAT TOOK EFFECT **BEFORE** YOU ACTUALLY **TOOK** IT . . .

IN OTHER WORDS, IF I **DECLINED** THE DRUG, THIS EXPERIENCE WOULD SUDDENLY HAVE **NEVER** HAPPENED. **ALL THIS** WOULD **VANISH** FROM MEMORY–ALL THIS **BEAUTY**, THIS **CLARITY** OF MIND, THIS **STRANGE-YET-FAMILIAR** EXALTATION OF **SPIRIT**–ALL WOULD BE **LOST**. THE THOUGHT FILLED ME WITH **ANGUISH**...

HE HANDED ME AN **APPLE** THAT HAD BEEN TREATED WITH THE MYSTERIOUS **DRUG**, AND IMMEDIATELY I REALIZED I WAS **EVE** AND WE HAD CARRIED OUT THIS TRANSACTION **BEFORE**...

...AND I REALIZED, TOO, THAT IT WAS NOT **ORIGINAL SIN**–THIS **TAKING** OF THE ANCIENT **WISDOM**–BUT RATHER, THE **ORIGINAL SACRAMENT**...

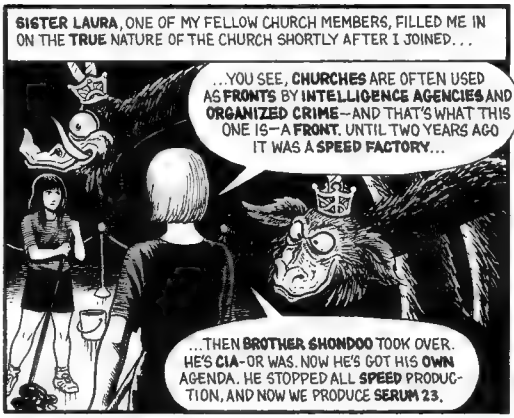
I TOOK A **BITE** AND MY MIND EXPLODED IN **LIGHT**. THEN IN ONE MOMENT I SAW MY **ENTIRE LIFE**, NOTHING REPRESSED–**MEMORIES** OF **WHO I REALLY WAS** AND **VISIONS** OF **MY FUTURE**. THEN, AS THE DRUG WORE OFF, I **FORGOT** IT ALL, EXCEPT FOR A FEW STRAY **IMAGES**...

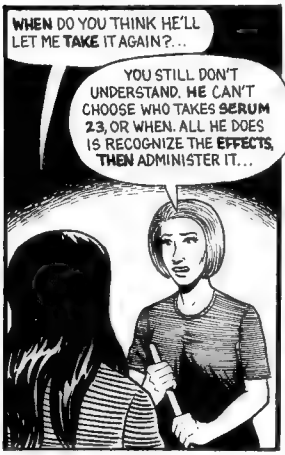
Stigmata Sunrise

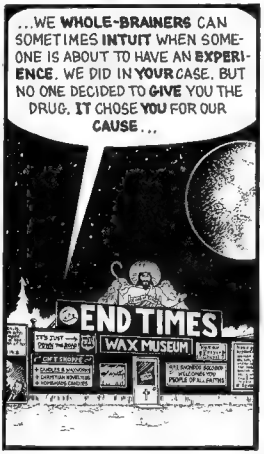
BY

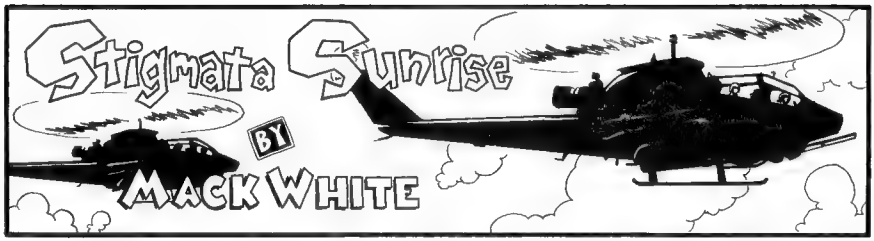
MACK WHITE

HOW CAN I EVER DESCRIBE THAT **VISION**? SUDDENLY I WAS ABLE TO SEE MY ENTIRE **LIFE**, FROM BIRTH TO **DEATH**–TO SEE IT ALL AS ONE SEAMLESS **WHOLE**–PAST, PRESENT, AND **FUTURE** ALL HAPPENING AT ONCE. THEN THE VISION FADED, AND ALL THAT REMAINED WERE A FEW IMAGES, LIKE FRAGMENTS OF A **DREAM** NOT QUITE REMEMBERED. YET, EVEN THOUGH I HAD FORGOTTEN MUCH, I FELT **CHANGED** BY MY **"WHOLE BRAIN EXPERIENCE."** FOR I STILL RETAINED A **SENSE** OF WHAT IT HAD BEEN LIKE, THIS **TRUER** WAY OF SEEING, AND IN THE VISION'S AFTERGLOW I FELT A **WISDOM** DEEP WITHIN–AND A **SERENITY**–THE LIKES OF WHICH I HAD NEVER KNOWN. I LONGED TO **REPEAT** THE EXPERIENCE AND CHANGE EVEN **MORE**. SO I REMAINED AT **MT. OLIVE**, AND BECAME A MEMBER OF **SHONDOO SOLOBOD**'S CHURCH, WHICH WAS CALLED **THE CHURCH OF HOLY SOPHIA OF LATTER DAY ESSENES**. AND YET, AS IT TURNED OUT, IT WAS NOT **REALLY** A CHURCH–OR, I SHOULD SAY, IT WAS SOMETHING MORE...



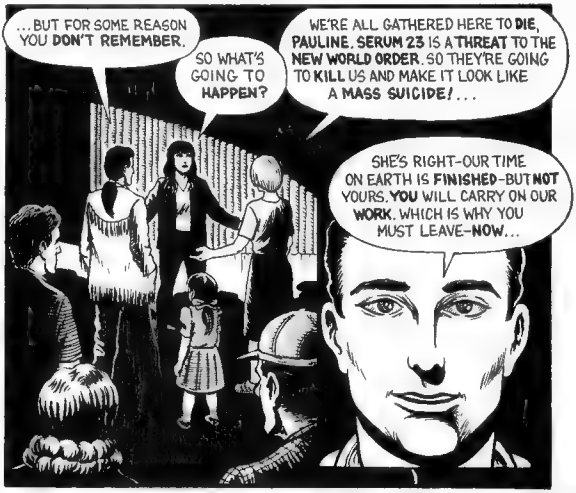






SUZY'S WORDS CHILLED ME–"THE BLACK HELICOPTERS ARE ALMOST HERE AND YOU'RE ABOUT TO LEAVE US." I ASKED HER WHAT ELSE SHE KNEW, BUT SHE STARTED **CRYING** AGAIN AND RAN INSIDE THE **MUSEUM**. I FOLLOWED...

I WAS **CONFUSED** AND **FRIGHTENED**, AND HAD NO IDEA HOW **I**, A **NOVICE "WHOLE-BRAINER,"** COULD CARRY ON THE WORK BY MYSELF. BUT I TRUSTED HIM COMPLETELY, AND SO **I LEFT**. THEN...



I **STOPPED** THE CAR AND WATCHED AS ONE OF THE HELICOPTERS **FIRED** AT THE MUSEUM. **FLAMES** APPEARED AND QUICKLY SPREAD...

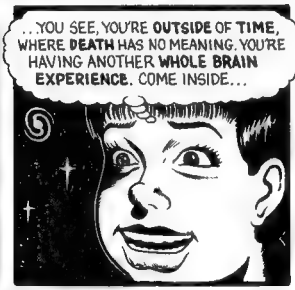
IN MY **RAGE** AND **HORROR** I JUMPED OUT OF THE CAR AND RAN TOWARDS THE **FIRE**–AND WAS HIT BY A **MICROWAVE WEAPON**...

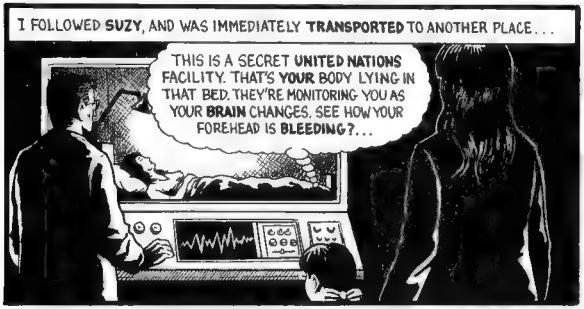
Stigmata Sunrise

BY

MACK WHITE

THE **MICROWAVE WEAPON** THAT WAS USED ON ME WAS THE KIND THAT MANIPULATES **BRAIN WAVES**, WITH A WIDE VARIETY OF EFFECTS. **HALLUCINATIONS** CAN BE CAUSED, FOR INSTANCE, OR **SEIZURES**, OR–AS IN MY CASE–A PERSON CAN SIMPLY BE MADE TO GO TO **SLEEP**. SO I **SLEPT**–FOR HOW LONG I DON'T KNOW. IT WAS A DEEP, DARK, DREAMLESS SLEEP, WITH **NO** CONSCIOUSNESS WHATEVER. THEN, ABRUPTLY, I BECAME **HYPER CONSCIOUS**...



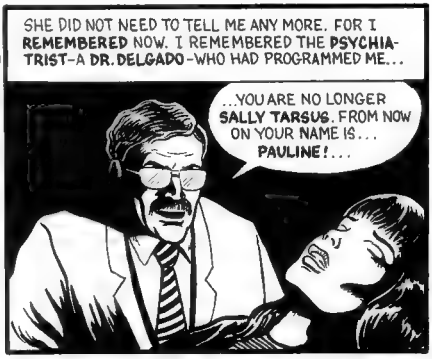


Stigmata Sunrise

BY

MACK WHITE

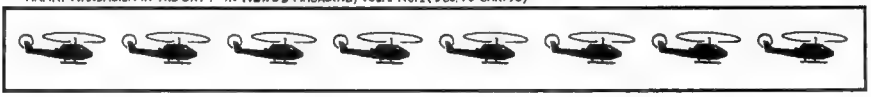
I STOOD **OUTSIDE** MY OWN BODY, WATCHING AS **BLOOD** FLOWED FROM MY FOREHEAD, SPONTANEOUSLY, LIKE **STIGMATA. SERUM 23** WAS TAKING EFFECT—MORE POWERFULLY THAN LAST TIME. MY BRAIN WAS **CHANGING.** THE BARRIER BETWEEN LEFT AND RIGHT HEMISPHERES WAS **DISSOLVING**, AND AT LAST I WAS BECOMING A TRUE **WHOLE-BRAINER**—FULLY CONSCIOUS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE. AND ONE OF THE **SIDE EFFECTS** OF THIS PROCESS WAS THE **"STIGMATA"**—CAUSED, **SUZY** TOLD ME, BY MY BRAIN'S **REJECTION** OF A **MICROCHIP**...



I LEARNED SO MUCH IN THAT FIRST **RUSH**—AND THIS TIME THERE WAS **NO** MICROCHIP TO MAKE ME **FORGET**. I LEARNED, FOR INSTANCE, THAT THE **CIA** DID NOT END ITS **MIND CONTROL** RESEARCH WITH **MK-ULTRA**. IT CONTINUES TO THE PRESENT DAY, AND THE TECHNOLOGY HAS GONE FAR BEYOND **LSD**. IN 1970, **ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI**, FORMER NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR TO **PRESIDENT CARTER**, PREDICTED THAT A TECHNOLOGICAL SYSTEM WOULD BE DEVELOPED BY **1995** THAT "WOULD SERIOUSLY **IMPAIR** THE **BRAIN** PERFORMANCE OF VERY **LARGE** POPULATIONS IN SELECTED REGIONS OVER AN EXTENDED PERIOD"—THE PURPOSE BEING TO CREATE A "MORE **CONTROLLED** AND **DIRECTED** SOCIETY."*

ROUTE 666

* "HAARP: VANDALISM IN THE SKY?" IN **NEXUS** MAGAZINE, VOL. 1 NO. 1 (DEC.'95-JAN.'96)



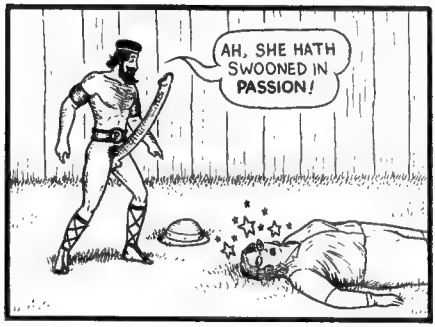
Stigmata Sunrise

BY

MACK WHITE

ONCE THERE WAS A **DRUG** CALLED **SERUM 23**. IT WAS DEVELOPED BY A **CIA** CHEMIST KNOWN AS **SHONDOO SOLOBOD**. THE DRUG WAS INTENDED TO ENHANCE **TELEPATHY**, AND IT SUCCEEDED-SPECTACULARLY. **BROTHER SHONDOO** TRIED THE DRUG HIMSELF **FIRST**, AND FOUND HIMSELF CHANNELING A CERTAIN **ENTITY**, WHICH CHANGED HIS **BRAIN**. LATER HE DISCOVERED HE COULD CHANNEL THIS ENTITY **INTO** THE BRAINS OF **OTHERS**, AND THEY TOO WOULD HAVE THIS ABILITY. THE DRUG, THEN, BECAME UNNECESSARY, AND **"SERUM 23"** BECAME A **CODE NAME** FOR THE ENTITY IT HAD TAPPED-**SHE** WHOM WE CALL **SOPHIA, GODDESS OF WISDOM-SHE** WHO WILL **RULE** THE **NEW MILLENIUM**...

©'90 MACK WHITE
PRIAPIS
LORDY, I WISH MY GARDEN WOULD WIN THE COUNTY PRIZE FOR ONCE!
BESSIE MAE'S GARDEN WINS EVERY YEAR!
GREETINGS, MADAME!
HEAVENS!
I AM PRIAPUS, GOD OF LUST AND FERTILITY!
RIDE UPON MY MAGIC PHALLUS AND YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR WISH! YOUR GARDEN WILL RIVAL THE GARDENS OF OLYMPUS!
EEEEEEEEEK!!
THWACK!!!

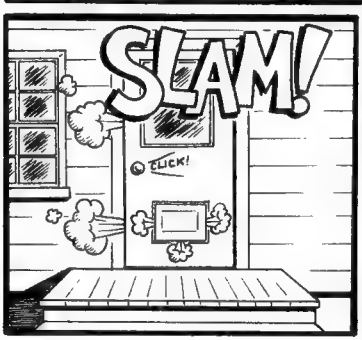

AH, SHE HATH SWOONED IN PASSION!

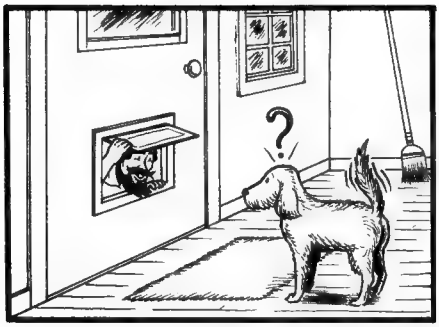
ALLOW ME!
UNNHH...

HUH?
YOUR BREASTS ARE LIKE TWIN MOONS!

BOP!

EEEEEEEEK!!


SLAM!
CLICK!


?

HELLO!?! POLICE? THERE'S A NAKED MIDGET IN MY YARD!!!
HE ATTACKED ME!!!

...YES, A MIDGET! I'M AFRAID HE'S STILL OUT THERE!

...MY NAME IS MARGARET MAXWELL AND I'M AT 301 WEST HICKORY!
PLEASE HURRY!

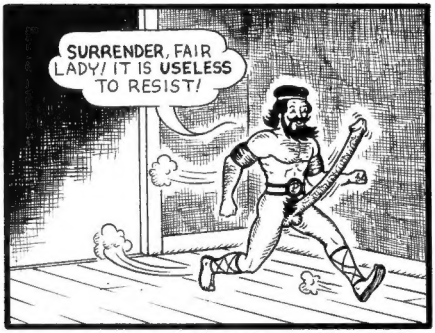
OH LORDY LORDY!

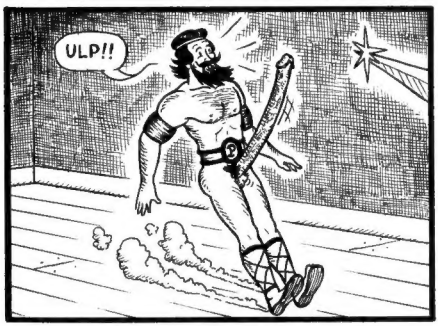
I HOPE THEY CATCH HIM!

WHA-!?!

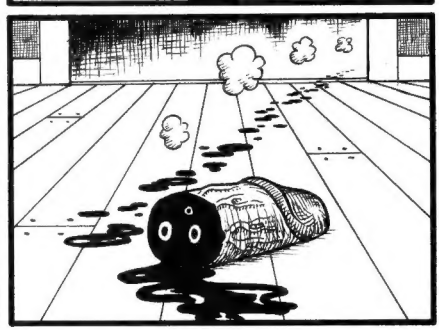
GREETINGS, MADAME!

EEEEEEEEEK!!


SURRENDER, FAIR LADY! IT IS USELESS TO RESIST!

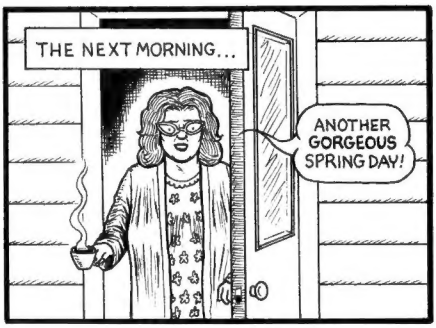

ULP!!

ALL RIGHT, YOU LITTLE BASTARD, YOU'RE GONNA' GET IT NOW!
BUT—



HA! HA! HA! HA!

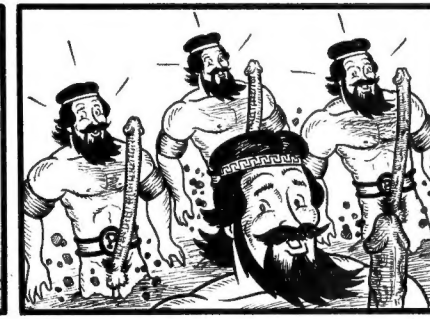
I'LL JUST BURY THIS NASTY THING IN MY GARDEN!

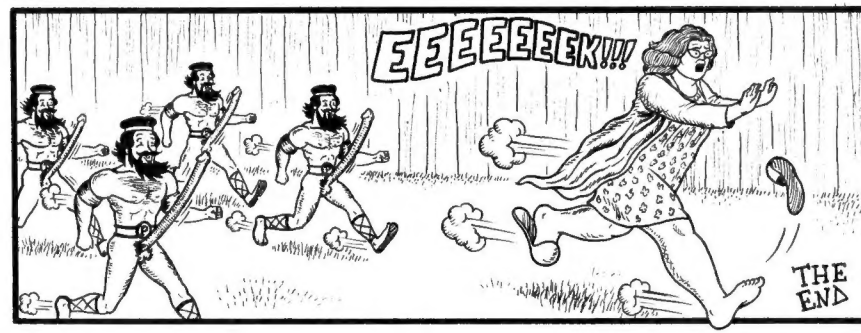

THE NEXT MORNING...
ANOTHER GORGEOUS SPRING DAY!

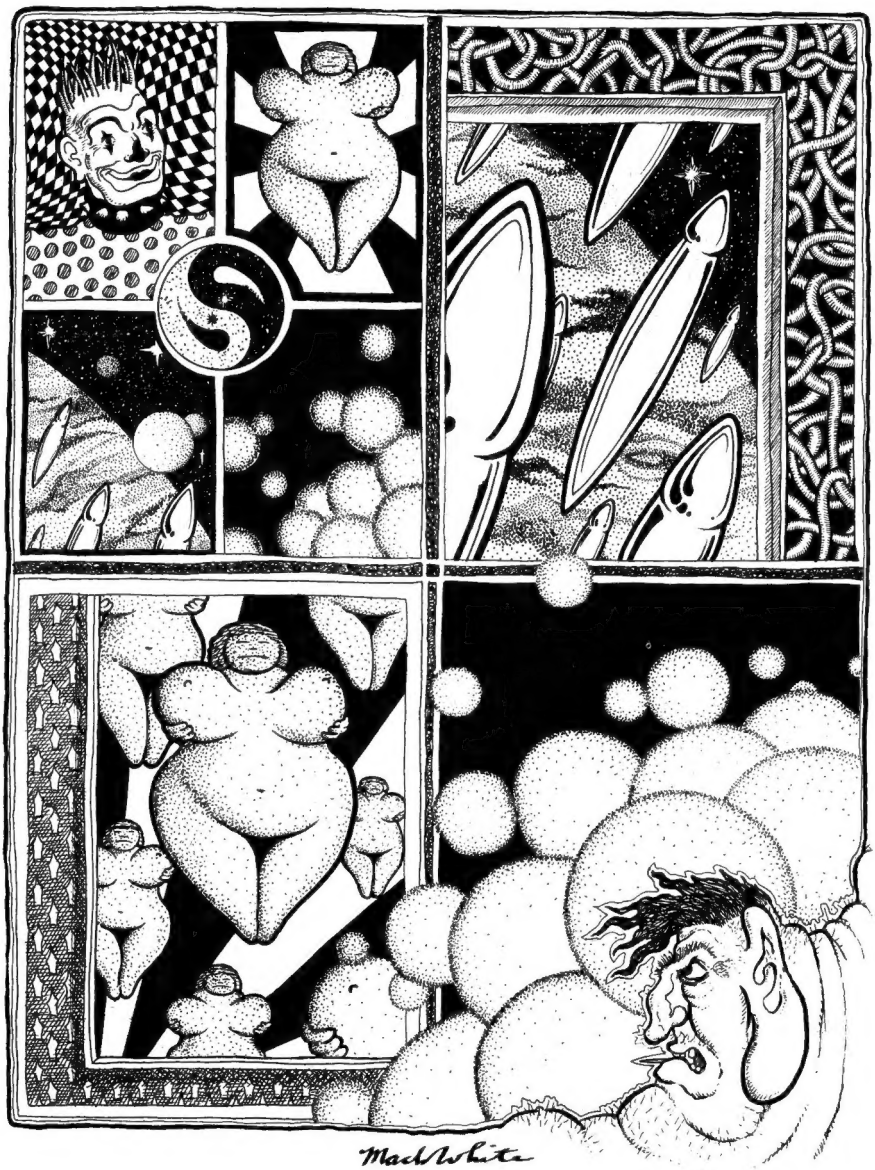
MUSHROOMS! ALL OVER MY GARDEN!
BUT- HOW?!?

DAMN! THIS IS HARD TO- AWK!!

GREETINGS, MADAME!




EEEEEEEEK!!!
THE END


Mad White

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